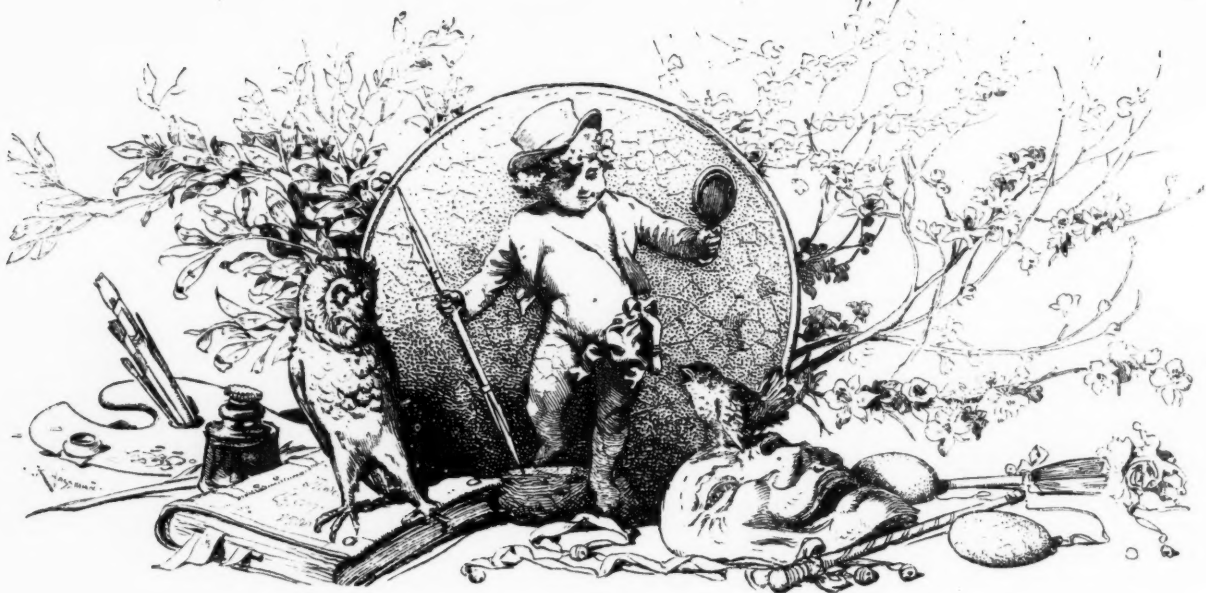


Puck



"CO', BOSS! CO', BOSS!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

THE PETALS OF THE ROSE.

COMPETITION is, or is said to be, the life of trade. Therefore, trade without competition is dead. Probably therein lies the excuse for the revitalized Sherman Law and the Government's belated enforcement of it. The Government is endeavoring to restore competition, or, in words more explicit, the life of trade, and it plans to do so by forcing such Trusts as "unreasonably" restrain trade to break themselves up into independent parts and "compete." That at least is a lay mind's grasp of the situation. Back of the Administration's activity in behalf of restored competition is, of course, a desire to help the American consumer. It is a commendable object, but we should like to see an explanation by President TAFT or Attorney-General WICKERSHAM of just how a Trust "disintegrated" by means of the Sherman Law is going to create a condition of cheaper living. Does anybody suppose that the technically "independent" companies into which a Trust may be dissolved will compete one with the other the way genuine independents used to do before the days of Trusts? Is it reasonable to assume that one will try to undersell another? With the same set of stockholders to be served as in the days when there was but one giant concern, is it likely that "competition" will be carried to excess, or that one "independent" fraction of a Trust will do aught to hurt the business of another fraction? Perhaps; but in this instance our birthplace is Missouri. Trusts were formed, if not to do away with competition, at least to minimize it. They were formed to cheapen the cost of production wherever possible, to control output, and within certain bounds to regulate prices, but the main purpose for which Trusts were organized was to make money, more money than was possible under competitive conditions. A Trust "dissolved," but still doing business, will not try to make less money than a Trust intact. Young Mr. ROCKEFELLER once gained national fame by comparing a Trust with an American Beauty rose. In producing an American Beauty it was necessary, he said, to sacrifice a number of smaller roses for the sake of the one gorgeous bloom. So with a Trust; it was necessary to sacrifice a number of

small fry in order that one gorgeous industry might flourish and blossom forth. Now, it would be impossible by court order to resolve an American Beauty back into the smaller roses that gave it being. Taking an American Beauty apart and calling each petal an "independent" rose would not be doing it; yet that, it seems to us, is the kind of independent companies which will be made from Trusts if the Sherman Law continues in operation. PUCK has as warm a spot in his heart for the consumer as anybody, but the sort of competition which by natural process gives relief to that overtaxed individual cannot be secured to him, we fear, by telling a Trust to compete with itself. We should like to call the consumer's attention, however, to the fact that the



ANYWAY—ON PAPER.

ONE TRUST TO THE OTHER—
Good morning! I see you have
disintegrated!

We the same political party which is trying laboriously, and somewhat disastrously, to free the country from the grip of Trust control is simultaneously standing for a high-tariff system which gives to many of the Trusts their most objectionable features. It is indeed a wondrous sight—that of a party trying to force competition within when it does its utmost, and glories in it, to prevent competition from without. What are Trusts anyhow but the logical, the inevitable, outcome of the high-protective tariff?

OUR one best guess, from a cursory glance at recent cable news, is that peace is popular in this world just so long as nations have nothing to fight about. Right makes might, if you say it quick, but the situation in Europe suggests that thousands of benighted individuals still cling to the barbarous notion that might makes right, or something just as good.



AN UNEXPECTED BLOW-OUT.

THE ADVENTURERS.



HAVE you thought it quite a riddle that old Nero played the fiddle
While Rome sizzled like a griddle in the fury of the fire?
Have you wondered at the killing and the melo-
drama thrilling
And the blood that's always spilling in the ancient
days and dire?
What was all the wear and tear for? What, O what,
the why and wherefore?
You are wondering, and therefore asking o'er and o'er again,—
What was all the grand parade for, what were all the troops arrayed for?
Why, 't was all arranged and paid for by the Moving-Picture Men!

When there's trouble feared or started they are never chicken-hearted,
With the van they have departed to be present at the fray;
Coronation, war, or scandal—if the game is worth the candle,
Operator turns the handle—and the film records the play!
What's a Mormon sanctuary? Not of such things are they chary,
Their machine they'd gladly carry to a roaring lions' den;
Daring danger with a snicker if 't would make the crowds grow thicker
Where the pictures blithely flicker—nervy Moving-Picture Men!

Nothing scares and nothing daunts them, they would snap the ghost
who haunts them,

If they think the public wants them they will get the views to show;
Crime and horror, fond romances, savage fights and dainty dances,
Life with all its many chances men must meet with as they go.
If they could they'd send a mission to St. Peter to petition
He accept a proposition for celestial views—and then
They would very promptly proffer all the rest within the coffer,
Tempting Satan with an offer from the Moving-Picture Men!

Berton Braley.

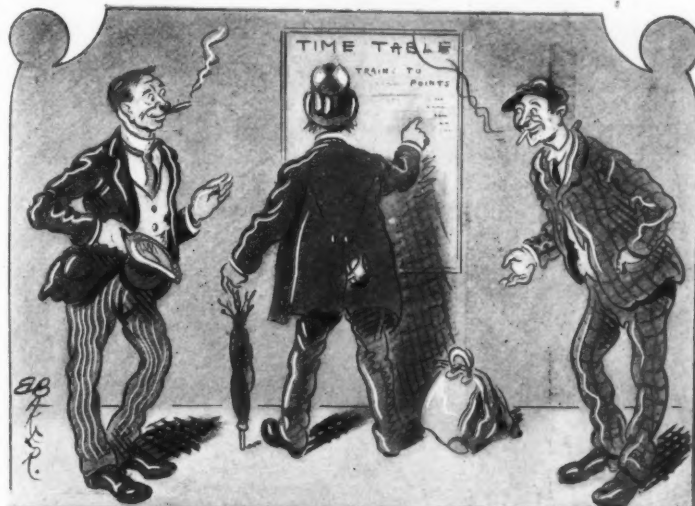
A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

UPON returning to the town of my boyhood days I decided, first of all, to call upon my old school friend, Elizabeth. Although twenty years had elapsed since I had sailed away to foreign shores, something seemed to tell me that I should find her at the old home, and I went there without inquiry. Time had wrought few changes. The house and surroundings looked almost the same. The front door stood partly open, as was the custom in summer.

As I reached out to touch the bell, Elizabeth's voice came to my ear; my hand dropped, and I stood held in the enchantment of those soft, sweet tones. They were the same as those of years ago, made richer and more beautiful with the years of womanhood.

"Yes," she was saying, "you may have the use of the new car whenever you choose, and there is a large front room, with private bath, at your disposal. Here are tickets for the matinee which I purchased for you, and if there are any little things at the stores that you want just charge them to my account."

"It's her daughter," I thought. I did not even know that Elizabeth had married. My heart grew heavy. With a deep-drawn sigh I touched the bell-button.



THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

BOTH PICKPOCKETS.—O, on no account! After you! I insist!



NOT YET, BUT SOON!

Elizabeth came to the door at once. She knew me instantly, and I would have known her among a million. She put out both her hands. "O, John!" she murmured, "you have come back! We have looked for you these many days."

I took her hands in mine. My face was very white. "I heard you speaking just now," I managed to say, "to your daughter, I presume. I—I—did not even know you had married." How beautiful she looked—lovelier than ever and still well worth winning! Why had I ever gone away?

Elizabeth laughed alluringly. "Married?" she replied, with rare sweetness. "Why, I'm not! You heard me talking to the new cook."

William Sanford.

SCARED OUT.

THE guides had a pretty story to tell as often as they were asked why the cliffs gave back no sound.

A beautiful Echo (so the story ran) formerly dwelt in the valley, and had great fun mocking people who, chancing that way, in any manner broke the sylvan silence.

But once upon a time a party of smart women, prompted by the guides knew not what caprice, sat down in the immediate neighborhood to enjoy a game of progressive whist.

"Gee, I give it up!" cried the Echo thereupon, and in consternation fled the place, nevermore to return.



DISILLUSIONMENT.

"Gee! I always thought that matches was made in Heaven!"



SATURDAY NIGHT IN OUR VILLAGE.

PROPRIETY.



THEY waltzed and waltzed to a wild, sweet strain,
The music throbbed—like a beating heart;
They waltzed and waltzed, and they waltzed again,
It seemed, in fact, that they *could n't* part.

He held her close with his hand and arm,
Near to her cheek his own cheek burned,
Against his bosom her soft young form
Closely pressed as they twirled and turned

Later, when taking her to her coach,
He caught her hand on the stairway dim—
"How dare you?" she asked, with stern reproach,
And "What do you mean, sir?" she asked of him.

Cleaves Mountain.



FRANK A. JANKIVEL



THE IDEAL OF MY DREAMS.



SAW her as she got out of her automobile. It was a wonderful car—long and polished and complete. That was evident. Nothing was lacking. A glance inside the limousine body revealed everything that science had thought out.

But the girl! She had the daintiest complexion in the world—a soft, creamy tint, and her hair was bewildering in its sheen and wealth. Of course it was more or less covered up, but I could see enough. She had on an indescribable wrap—soft, luxuriant; there was about it color, harmony, music, a world of delicate imaginings.

In an instant she was gone, and the car whirled on. I stood there, bewildered by this marvelous human creation—something so far beyond me as to seem a creature of another world.

I staggered on aimlessly, lost in thought. Suddenly a tall policeman stood over me. Ah, I thought, he would know. I would ask him, anyway.

"Who lives in Number 811?"

He looked at me, I fancied, disdainfully.

"That's Starling's place. You must be a stranger."

Starling! The multimillionaire! O, that accounted for it. And that was his daughter

—the girl I had read about in the society columns. Indeed, I remembered a picture of her I had once seen. How unlike, how immeasurably superior, the reality was!

Then I began to reason soberly with myself. Why was it that I should be staggered mentally—yes, that was the word—by a mere girl? Why should I at the sight of this human being—no different from millions of others—be immediately transported into an atmosphere of awe and sentiment and longing, of unutterable feeling, surging within me? Was it because I loved her? Impossible!

I thought of my own strength—of the hard knocks I had received, and how I had risen above the world, and was now, in a sense, a man of power; and then I said to myself: "What nonsense!"

The policeman was scrutinizing me closely. "You live around here?" he asked.

"No!" Somehow, I took his cue at once, blindly.

We chatted amiably for some time. I gave him a cigar. I turned away.

"Wait a bit," he said, glancing in the direction of Number 811. "I have something particular to say to you."

"What is it?"

"I have been on this beat for ten years, and I have known her ever since she was a little girl. I used to watch her at play—and we've talked together off and on, well, considerable. She asked me a favor one day."

"What was that?"

"I happened to be poking fun at some of the young chaps that come around—joshing

'em, you understand—they're a bally lot, most of 'em. And she said to me: 'I wish,' she said, 'I knew a man who was different from the common run.'

"Just what do you mean, miss?" I said.

"Well," she says, 'you know papa and mamma,'—she calls 'em that yet,—'papa and mamma are so particular.'

"And right they are, miss," I says.

"But you don't understand," she says. 'I mean I should like to know some young man who was just a plain man,' she said. And what do you think? She made me promise that if I met one I would let her know—secret-like, you understand."

He paused.

"You seem to be a likely chap. Will you meet her? I'll take you in there—"

He looked at me fiercely.

"You must come out when I whistle. You understand? Just this once. No more. I'm only doing it as a favor to her. Poor little girl! She never sees the real world!"

He took me in through the servants' entrance. There was a long wait. The door opened at last, however, and in she came—radiant, *chic*, wonderful.

"Shure, who are you?" she asked. I turned to the policeman.

"Her maid!" I shrieked. "I thought—"

"You t'ought I was in love wid her meself, maybe," he said. "Not much, young feller. It so happens Oi'm in love wid the house-keeper."

T. L. M.

Some people are so constituted that they seem to get a lot of enjoyment out of never having any fun in life.

MR. FADDIST AT DINNER.

"**M**AY I help you to some more of the escalloped potatoes, Mr. Faddist?" asked Mrs. Smythe when she was entertaining a few friends informally at dinner.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Smythe. You see, I have not disposed of all you served to me at first. The fact is that I eat very sparingly of all the starchy foods. Not that I have diabetes, or anything of that kind, but I think that too much starchy food is always difficult to digest, and my digestion is not what I wish that it might be, although——"

"Perhaps you would like a little vinegar or lemon-juice to sprinkle on your——"



"O, no! I steer clear of all such sharp acids as vinegar or lemon-juice because I feel sure that they act disastrously on the liver. I do not think that we would hear so much about liver-complaint if people did not eat so much acid food and drink so many acid drinks. I have made a good deal of a study of the liver lately and I find that——"

"If you prefer sweets perhaps you would like some——"

"No, I eat sweets very sparingly. I think that too much sweet makes trouble with the gastric juice and greatly retards the process of food assimilation, although there would be less danger of this and of everything pertaining to digestion if more people adopted the method of chewing the food thoroughly before swallowing. Everything should be chewed until it is of the consistency of thin pulp before it is swallowed, and then the various digestive juices are frequently very apt to——"

"Did you see the airship go up yesterday, Mr. Faddist?"

"No, I did not. For one reason, I am not greatly interested in aviation. I do not think that it can ever become a practical method of travel because there are so many people who always have nausea when they go up to any great height. The effect of height on the stomach is very curious, and is something akin to the effect of a rolling vessel when one is on the water. In both cases a peculiar form of nausea is brought about that—— I think that I have a little clipping about it that I cut from a medical journal. I would like to read it to you. It is—— I find that I have n't it, after all. Sorry, for I would so like to have——"

"Do you go to the country or to the city for your vacation this year, Mr. Faddist?"

"I want to go to the country for a little while after the flies are gone. So many country hotels and boarding-houses are not carefully screened, and it has been clearly demonstrated that the common house-fly is a perfect scavenger and carries disease everywhere. The *Medical Screamer* tells of three well-authenticated instances of deadly fevers the germs of which—— By the way, have you made anything of a study of the different disease germs that—— No? Well, it is most interesting. It has been discovered that a mosquito can inject——"



HASTY.

PAPA.—What do you think of the new baby, Willie?

WILLIE.—Don't you think it's just a little bit risky getting one now before the 1912 models are out?

"You will let me help you to some of the ice-cream, Mr. Faddist?"

"No, thank you! I think that it has been clearly demonstrated that taking anything as cold as ice-cream into the stomach after eating warm foods creates so much of a shock that the processes of digestion are often retarded and biliousness naturally results, and—— No coffee, thank you! The stimulating effect of coffee on the nerve-system is the cause of both nervous and—— By the way, have you read the latest theories regarding the probability of discovering a real cure for the tuberculosis germ?"

Most interesting. A patient so far gone with tuberculosis that only a part of one lung was left was experimented on and——"

"I think that we will go out on the piazza and have our coffee there."

"Would you mind if I remained in the house? I feel sure that the night air after the dew falls is apt to be pretty well charged with malaria even on high ground, and I am very sensitive to malarial influences and have to be careful. If one once gets malaria into the system chronic biliousness is apt to result because of the decay of—— No, I never smoke! Even the mildest of cigars contain nicotine enough to kill a house-fly, and it is being demonstrated that many cancerous troubles are due to—— If you don't mind I will remain in the library and just look over a medical work I think I saw there before we came out to dinner."

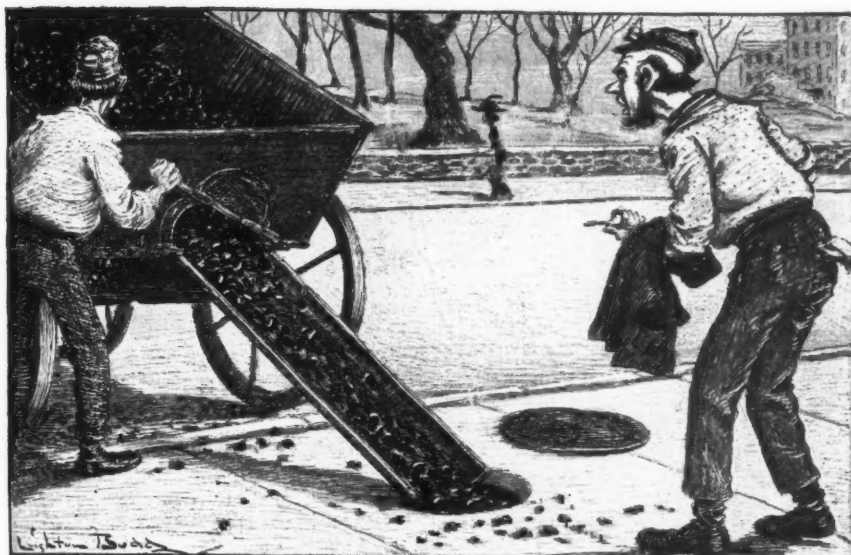
M. M.



A GROSS EXAGGERATION.

OLD SALT (after at least twenty minutes' silence).—I tell ye, shippin's almighty dead in this here port. There ain't been a square-rigger in here since the summer of 'seventy-seven!

EQUALLY OLD SALT.—Wot? Why, how you talk, Bill! I kin remember one puttin' in here in 'seventy-nine!




EXASPERATING.

THE MINER.—Look at that now! After me diggin' it out o' the ground, he goes an' shoves it back agin!

THE LIMIT.

'Tis an age of men chambermaids,
girl Ph.Ds.,
And things more anomalous yet;
But the latest, the strangest, most startling
of these
Is that creature, the He-Suffragette.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.



The Handy-man.

“On account of the delay this caused, which was considerably augmented, as you might say, by the swoon the young lady had here and the fit the gentleman pretty nearly fell into over at the hotel when each discovered at about the same time, though of course in different parts of town, that he or she, as the case might be, was attempting to don garments that were never in the livin’ world made for him or her, as it were, and—er—ah!—

"Also, b'cuz of the trouble we had to induce the orchestra (them gents, permit me

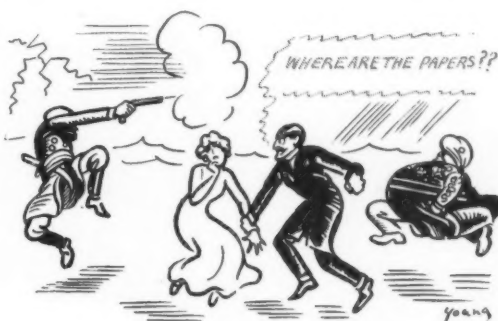
to say, are mighty talented and all that, but at the same time awful hostile toward innovations!) to crawl under the green cloth which represents the Indian Ocean, and by agitating the same act out a typhoon at sea; and likewise the succeeding fact that the constable did n't know the villain with his make-up on, and mistook him for a feller that stole something or ruther about four years ago, and has just finished coming up here into the wings and arresting him and dragging him around a good deal before we could get him separated from him, which delayed the first act somewhat, for there was quite a spell during which the villain was badly needed on the stage and could n't come, and the actors had to say things that did n't sound sensible while waiting for him — and — er —

"Well, for these and other reasons, we find that in order to get through with the performance at a reasonable hour it will be necessary for the actors and actresses to skip and run when they ought to walk with dignity, and talk fast when they should be talking slow, which we trust you will pardon under the cir——"

"Aw, that's all right!" interrupted a pessimistic voice from the audience. "But in addition to talking fast, why not let 'em all talk at once? That would shorten it up still more."

Tom P. Morgan.

Tom P. Morgan.



*Skipping and running through
their parts.*



WEEK BEGINNING OCTOBER NINTH.

American, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.

Astor, Bway and 45th St. "The Arab," a play of the Orient, by Edgar Selwyn. Evenings at 8.

Belasco, 44th St. nr. Bway. "The Concert," with original cast. Evenings 8:20.

Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Never Homes." Evenings 8:15.

Casino, Bway and 30th. "The Kiss Waltz," a new Viennese operetta. Evenings 8:10.

Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "The Little Millionaire," by and with Geo. M. Cohan. A musical farce. Ev'gs 8:15.

Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Comedy, 41st St. bet. Bway & 6th Av. "Buntz Pulls the Strings," a Scotch comedy, by Graham Moffat. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Passers-By," a new play by C. Haddon Chambers. Evenings 8:15.

Daly's, Bway and 30th St. "Next," a new Western comedy, with Helen Lowell and Harry Conor. Evenings 8:15.

Empire, Bway and 40th St. John Drew in the new comedy "A Single Man," by H. H. Davies. Evenings 8:20.

Gaiety, 46th and Bway. "Excuse Me." A Pullman Carnival. Evenings 8:30.

Garrick, 35th St. nr. Bway. George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose." Evenings 8:15.

Globe, Bway and 46th St. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman of Leisure," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Original Folies Bergère Company. Evenings 8:15.

Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Harris, 42d St. W. of Bway. Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," by Charles Klein. Evenings 8:20.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th St. "The Duchess," a new comic opera by Victor Herbert, with Fritz Scheff. Evenings 8:15. (Opening night Oct 10.)

Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d & 44th Sts. "Around the World," spectacle in seventeen scenes. Evenings at 8.

Hudson, 44th St. nr Bway. Frank McIntyre in "Snobs," a new comedy by George Bronson-Howard. Ev'gs 8:30.

Irving Place Theatre, 15th St. and Irving Place. Season of German plays. "Der Doppelgänger," with Henry Bender. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 26th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 38th St. "The Siren," a new musical comedy, with Donald Brian. Evenings at 8.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow." Evenings 8:15.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th St. Miss Billie Burke in a new comedy, "The Runaway." Evenings 8:20.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Great Name," with Henry Kolker. Evenings 8:20.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. and 8th Av. Harry Lauder, Entertainer. Evenings 8:15.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. E. of Bway. Gertrude Elliott in "Rebellion," a play of modern marriage conditions. Evenings 8:30.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy *de luxe* founded on "La Satyre."

Playhouse, 48th St. E. of Bway. "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst. Evenings 8:20.

Republic, W. 42d St. "The Woman," a new comedy drama by W. C. De Mille. Evenings 8:20.

Thirty-ninth Street, 39th nr. Bway. "Green Stockings," a new comedy, with Margaret Anglin. Evenings 8:15.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. George Arliss in "Disraeli," by Louis N. Parker. Evenings 8:20.

Weber's, Bway and 29th St. Edmund Breese in "A Man of Honor." Evenings 8:30.

West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. Holbrook Blinn in "The Boss." Evenings 8:15.

Winter Garden, 50th St. and Bway. "The Revue of Revues," with Gaby Deslys and other stars. Ev'gs at 8.

HOPELESS.

COUNTRY BOY (*standing in middle of city street amid noise of steam-hammers, sirens, auto-horns, trucks, etc.*).—And to think I brought my tick-tack down here to make a noise on Hallowe'en!

VERSATILE.

"MADAM," remarked the weary wayfarer with the bandaged eye, "I was not always as you see me now."

"I know it," replied the stern-visaged woman at the back door. "The last time you were here you had on a deaf-and-dumb sign."

The great difficulty about a man's house being still his castle is that most men are married and castles are out of fashion.



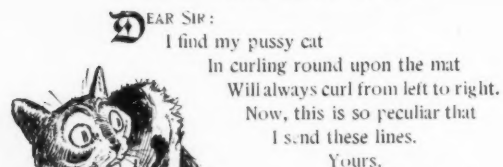
THE PUCK PRESS

LAOCOON IN THE TOILS.

PUCK



LETTERS THEY WRITE.



DEAR SIR:
I find my pussy cat
In curling round upon the mat
Will always curl from left to right.
Now, this is so peculiar that
I send these lines.
Yours,
MARTIN HITE.

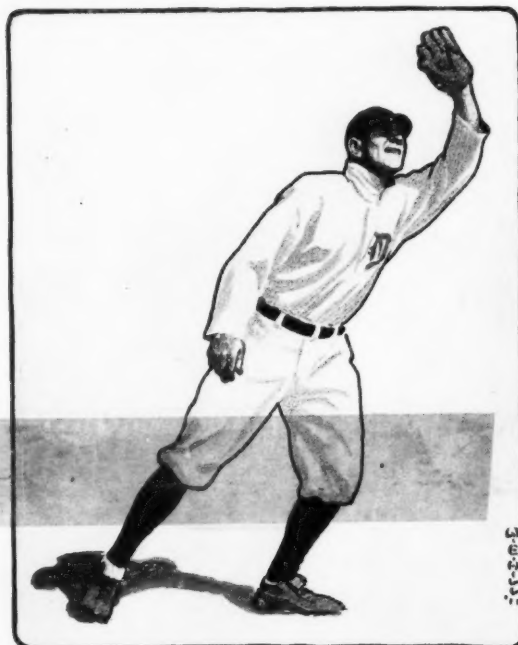
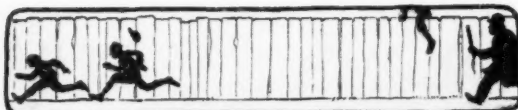
DEAR SIR:
If Mr. Hite will take
The pains to watch, in half a
shake
He'll find that every single cat
That ever lived will curl like that.
Yours very truly,
ALBERT FAKE.

DEAR SIR:
Anent the cat dispute:
Felis domestica, at night,
Will always curl from left to right;
But when it's day, the other way.
Ours does it. She is awful cute.
Yours,
MRS. NANCY BUMBERSHOOT.

DEAR SIR:
I have since eighteen-eight
Been raising cats. I beg to state
Your correspondents are bereft
Of sense. Let me elucidate—
Cats *always* curl from right to left.
Yours,
PHILOMENUS APPLEGATE.

O, cats that lived! O, cats that died!
Have all these people naught beside
To do, or do they really think
They're doing aught but wasting ink?
Emil Breitenfeld.

In the Baseball Spotlight.



XII.—TY COBB, OF THE FIRM OF JENNINGS AND COBB,
OWNERS OF DETROIT.



MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED.

THE TALL AND AGGRESSIVE ONE.—Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry! You've
had that 'phone twenty minutes and not said a word!
THE SHORT AND MEAK ONE.—Sir, I'm talking to my wife!

GOODS AND GOODS.

AT the approach of the Angel with the
flaming sword, Adam bent upon Eve a
glance of profound consternation.
"We are caught," he exclaimed, "with the
goods on!"
"Not drygoods, at all events!" giggled
the first mother, nervously, as with a con-
sciousness that it was too late for a *bon mot*,
however clever, to save the situation.

HIS LINE.

THE LADY.—Are you good along any par-
ticular line?
THE TRAMP.—You bet, mum! Any
time you want to ride the bumpers
along the Erie just come to me
and I'll put you in right.

CERTAINLY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—
And was Adam really the
first man?
WILLY (whose father is a
theatrical manager).—Sure.
That is, of course, excepting his
advance-agent.

RUINED.

THE LADY.—You say you were
ruined by society?
THE TRAMP.—Yes, mum. I got
de habit, and ever since den life wit'
me has got to be just one long series
of progressive dinners.

PLAYING SAFE.

MRS. HOWES.—Have n't you any ambition
to rise in the world?
WEARY WALKER.—No, dem aëroplanes is
too dangerous.

AUTHOR-LIKE.

INFANT PHILOSOPHER.—Mother, I think God
really did write the Bible himself.
MOTHER.—What makes you think so?
INFANT PHILOSOPHER.—Because he talks so
much about Himself in it!



NO DANGER.

MRS. WILLIS.—You don't mean to say you're
going to let little Percy play football when he goes
to college?
MRS. GILLIS.—O, yes; but of course we
would n't ever think of letting him play on the
'varsity team!

A SHIFT OF MIND.



HEARD to-day that the Pushers had a fine big new auto," said Mr. Clatter, across the dinner-table to his wife.

"They have?" said Mrs. Clatter, as she let the spoonful of soup she had conveyed half-way to her mouth fall back into her plate, while she manifested other signs of emotion. "The Pushers with an auto!

Well, they can have it if they want it, for all of me! If they think that I envy them they are very much mistaken! For my part, I don't want any auto and wouldn't have one if it was given to me! Motoring gets more and more dangerous every year. You can hardly pick up the paper without reading of some one killed in an auto accident, and the day Mrs. Van Slamm took me out in her auto I came home with a sick headache and felt giddy and dazed all evening. I'd lots rather have a horse and buggy, and I would about as soon ride in the electric cars as in an auto. You go tearing along so fast in an auto that you never see anything, and you never know what minute a tire will explode or something will give way and land you in eternity, to say nothing of the constant danger of injuring others all the time. You never know what minute you are going to frighten a horse or run around a curve into some one, and the constant danger of accidents is——"

"There's danger riding behind horses or on the cars," said Mr. Clatter.

"Yes, but not the danger there is in riding in an auto.

No, nor nothing like the expense, and you know as well as I that the Pushers are not so awfully well off that they can afford to have a big auto and run it. They say that getting the auto is only the beginning of the expense, and that you can't run one of those big cars for less than fifteen or twenty cents a mile if you have a chauffeur. And I read the other day that hundreds of people were mortgaging their homes to get autos, and—— Look at the Smarts, living in a six-room flat and riding around in a big touring-car they call their own, although I doubt if they have it one-third paid for. They can have it if they want it, for all of me. As I say, I'm not a bit anxious to have an auto——particularly one that is n't half paid for. And the airs Mrs. Smart gives herself when she talks about how we 'motored' here and there, and where she goes in 'our car.' She can have 'our car' for all of me, for I don't want it nor any other auto, for the more I see of the auto the more I realize its dangers, and when I read of the terrible accidents happening to auto parties every day of the week I am positively thankful that we have n't an auto, and I have about made up my mind that—— Look at the Gettheres with their limousine, and Mr. Getthere with a brother who is janitor of a school-house and has a wife and six children to support, and his own brother riding around in a five-thousand dollar limousine! I never meet Mrs. Getthere that she does n't ring in something about her 'car,' and I heard the other day that the taxes on their house for last year had n't been paid yet, and that——"

"That's their affair."

"I never said that it was n't. And if you think because of what I am saying that I am a particle jealous of Mrs. Getthere and her big limousine you are awfully mistaken. I don't care who has a car or who has n't so long as—— And the abominable smell of the things! It always gives me a kind of nausea to ride long in an auto, and I don't believe that I ever want to get into one again as long as I live, and as for us mortgaging our home or



THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE.

A little farther on we met a Cow, a Mouse, and a Tramp, journeying together. "You are a queer crew!" we exclaimed. They laughed good humoredly. "How," we were emboldened to ask, "do you happen to be associated in such strange wise?" "By reason, fair sir, of the terror which we collectively and cumulatively strike to the heart of the average woman. It assures us all, without parley, of some sort of a handout wherever we choose to stop," replied the Cow, the Mouse, and the Tramp, so to betray an uncommon native shrewdness.

running into debt to splurge around in one, it will never happen so long as I can prevent it, for I have not the slightest wish to own a car or even to ride in one again so long as I—— There's our 'phone ringing. You answer it while I serve the dessert. How some people can do what they do in order to brag that they own a car, and then—— What is it? The

Gettheres want us to ride out with them this evening in their auto! They do? Well, I do declare! Go? Why, of course we'll go! The idea of not going!" "But I thought you——"

"You tell them that we will be ready any minute they want to call for us. I must say that it is awfully nice of them to ask us! But it's no more than I would do if we had a car, as we may have some day. Who knows? Here, you will have to help yourself and the children to the dessert! If we are going on a lovely auto ride I must run and get ready this minute!"

Max Merryman.

THE DEPRAVED POLICE-DOG.

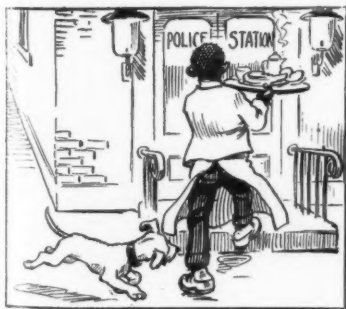
HE RESORTS TO MEAN MEASURES TO GRAFT A MEAL.



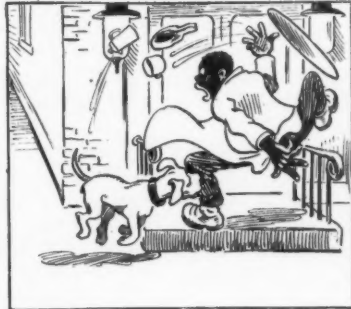
I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

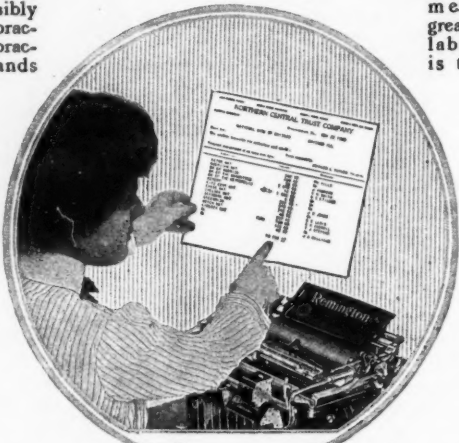
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DOWN TO FINE POINTS.

A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called up her grocer one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat.

The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away, but, as he was entering the items in his order-book, the lady called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "O, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam?"

"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WHEN he returned from the seashore, smiling, in his coat of tan, his friends all greeted him with something like this: "Hello, old man, you must have had the time of your life!" Thereupon he would reply: "O, I did! I had a splendid time, and I hold a world's record."

"Indeed!" ejaculated one of a group the other evening. "What for?"

"I am the champion short-distance swimmer," he announced solemnly.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"WHAT did my Ma say to you when you came in?" inquired Johnny of his friend who had come to tea.

"She said she was very pleased to see me."

"I'm glad," said Johnny in a relieved tone. "'Cos she said this morning she hoped you would n't come!"—*Stray Stories.*

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THE young girl who tried to hold up and rob a bank must learn to wait until she is married and can get at the deposits in the regular way.—*Kansas City Journal.*

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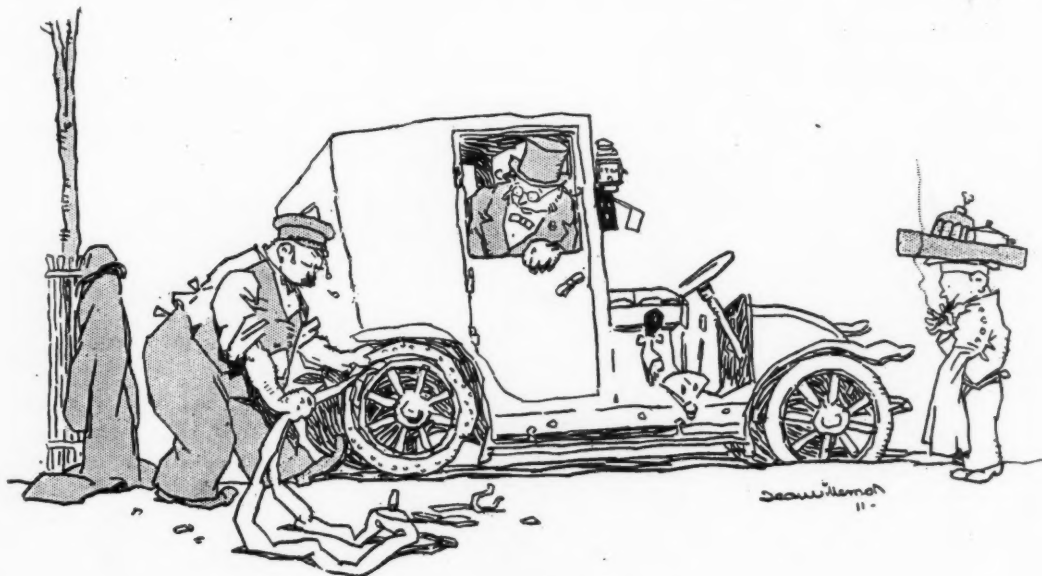
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"Fine! Fine! With a little more antiseptic, that man could remove an appendix as well as I could!"—*Le Rire.*

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"You are evidently very fond of books, sir," said an old gentleman to a young man in a tram-car. "May I ask whom you consider the best novelist of the day?"

"Jenkins, undoubtedly," said the young man. "There's nobody can write like Jenkins. Why, sir, the circulating libraries can't supply his novels fast enough!"

At this moment another man entered the car and addressed the young man:

"Hello, Jenkins!" he said. "How are you to-day?"—*Tit-Bits.*

"THIS thing of getting married," said the girl who was busy with her trousseau, "is certainly a trial."

"A trial, yes," agreed the cynical bachelor, "but it is n't half so bad as working out the sentence."—*Town Topics.*

"WHAT'S the matter? Made an election bet to let your whiskers grow?"

"No, but I dassent cut 'em till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whiskers on the place to make jokes about."—*Courier-Journal.*

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"Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?"

"I think his feet would!"—*Houston Post.*

A CHICAGO pastor has resigned, saying that women of his congregation pay \$5 for a pair of silk stockings and drop three cents into the collection-box on Sunday morning. We sincerely trust that his theology is on a sounder basis than his knowledge of the cost of silk stockings.—*Exchange.*

"You spend so much time in your room," protested the other guests. "Why don't you come on the veranda more or join in the games?"

"I pay thirty-five dollars a week for that room," explained the odd one simply.—*Buffalo Express.*

"MAW, why can't we put up a hammock between these two trees? Ain't we part owners of this park?"

"No, dear, it belongs to that fine-looking man in uniform with the white gloves on his hands."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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CAN'T TESTIFY.

"There are microbes in a kiss," said the scientist.

"I don't care," replied the summer beau. "A microbe can't testify in a breach-of-promise case."—*Washington Star.*

AUNT MARY (horrified).—Good gracious, Harold, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?

HAROLD (calmly).—She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes.—*Harper's.*

DORA.—So you have decided to break off your engagement with him?

NORA.—Yes, but I don't think I shall do it until after my birthday—as it comes next week!—*The Club-Fellow.*

"WAITER," he complained, "I smell fresh paint."

"If you'll just wait a minute, sir," answered the obsequious functionary, "those ladies will have gone away."—*Phila. Ledger.*



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"I know he's a darling, but I'm afraid it's no use—my husband doesn't like dogs."

"You buy 'im, lydy. You can easy get another 'usband, but you won't git another dorg like 'im!"—*London Opinion.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"ROBERT, dear," said the coy little maiden to her sweetheart, "I'm sure you love me. But give me some proof of it, darling. We can't marry on \$15 a week, you know."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said he with a grieved air.

"Why, save up \$1,000 and have it safe in the bank, and then I'll marry you."

About two months later she cuddled up close to him on the sofa one evening and said:

"Robert, dear, have you saved up that thousand yet?"

"Why, no, my love," he replied, "not all of it."

"How much have you saved, darling?"

"Just \$2.35, dear."

"O, well," suggested the sweet young thing as she snuggled a little closer, "don't let's wait any longer, darling. I guess that'll do."—*Lippincott's.*

KITTY COULDN'T OPEN.

"My husband is one of the most careless men on earth."

"How now?"

"He went away fishing and left the cat a supply of canned meat to subsist on."—*Courier-Journal.*

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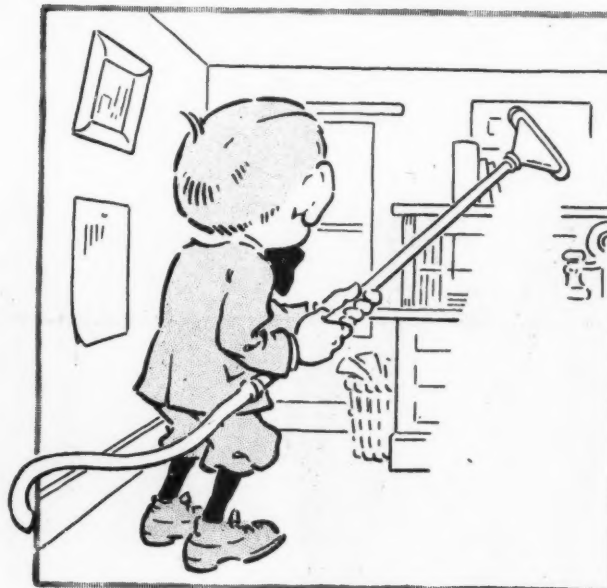
I.
"O, GEE, WHAT A JOB!"



II.
"WELL, I SUPPOSE I GOT TO MAKE A START!"



III.
"'TAIN'T SO BAD, AFTER ALL!"



IV.
"THESE VACUUM CLEANERS DON'T LEAVE NOTHIN'!"



V.
"NOT MUCH LEFT!"



VI.
"DONE, B' GEE!"

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CURIOSITY.

They speak of Yankee lust for gain,
Of endless work and mental strain,
Of lack of pleasure, lack of ease,
Of unrelaxing energies.
They tell us that the young and old
Are in a mad pursuit of gold.
But have you ever seen the gang
That gathers at a fire-bell's clang?
Or men on information bent
Who throng to see an accident?
A punctured tire, a runaway,
Will make them linger on their way;
They even stop before a shop
To rubber at a razor-stop;
They stop before a window-pane,
Forget their so-called greed for gain,
Or linger for an hour or more
To ponder on the baseball score.
Ah, yes! We are a busy race,
So wrapped up in the dollars' chase
That we have not an hour to spare—
Go tell it to the copper there.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

AFFECTION BY PROXY.

"I find that my husband has been having the office-boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife! He's been going to the ball game."
"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"
"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day, and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."—*Washington Herald.*

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BUT IN HER CASE—

Woman's wit readily adapts itself to all places and all occasions. A woman lecturer was delivering a practical talk on beauty and the beauty cult for the entertainment of the Woman's Professional League of New York at an interesting session one afternoon.

In the course of her lecture the speaker emphasized the point that certain measurements were fundamentally important. Unhappily, however, the lecturer herself had a form—if her unusual bulk could be dignified by such a term—that was fashioned on anything but the lines of the Kellerman type.

Proceeding with her dissertation on measurements, she held up a very fat, round wrist, and said: "Now, twice around my wrist, once around my throat. Twice around my throat, once around my waist. Twice around my waist—"

"Once around Central Park!" exploded an irrepressible young thing out in the audience, and the storm of laughter that followed was altogether immeasurable.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A DELICATE PROBLEM.

Parson Johnson, an evangelist of color, was caught hugging one of the finest ewe lambs of the congregation, who was a very popular young lady, and it created quite a stir. So Brudder Johnson was brought up for trial.

"You have seen dese great pictures, I s'pose, so you know dat de great Shepherd am always pictured with a lamb in His arms," said Brudder Johnson.

"Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones.

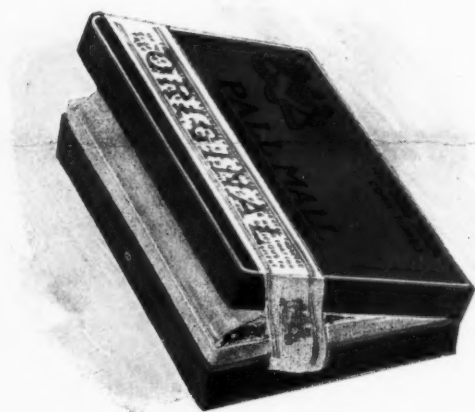
"Den, Brudder Jones, what am wrong in de shepherd of dis flock having a lamb in his arms?"

This was too much for Brudder Jones, so he proposed that the people have a call meeting that afternoon. After the point was discussed at the afternoon meeting the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, Dat for the future peace of the congregation, dat the next time Brudder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb of de flock in his arms, dat he pick out a ram lamb."—*Stoutsville (Mo.) Banner.*



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